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AGES OF THE GREAT MASTERS.



WE HAVE found frequent use for a table of the births and deaths of the great masters of art, but have nowhere met with such a de-

sideratum, and have, therefore, been constrained to get up the following, classifying the "schools," so far as possible; and trust the labor will not be without interest even to the general reader.

	Born.	Died.
Cimabue, the first "master,"	1240	1300
Giotto, (Florence)	1276	1336
Andrea Orcagna, (Pisa)		1389

EARLY FLORENTINE SCHOOL

Leonardo da Vinci	1445	1520
Michael Angelo Buonarroti	1474	1564
Fra Bartolomeo	1469	1517
Andrea Del Sarto	1488	1530
Ricciarella, ("Volterra")	1509	1566
Vasari	1514	1578
Cortona	1596	1669
Carlo Dolce	1616	1686

ROMAN SCHOOL.

Raphael	1483	1520
Giulio Romano	1492	1546
Caravaggio	1495	1543
Andrea Sacchi	1594	1661
Carlo Maratti	1625	1713

VENETIAN SCHOOL.

Giorgione	1477	1511
Titian	1477	1576
Piombo	1485	1547
Tintoretto	1512	1594
Paul Veronese	1530	1588

LOMBARD SCHOOL,

Correggio	1494	1534
Ludovico Caracci	1555	1619
Agostino Caracci	1558	1602
Annabale Caracci	1560	1609
Guido Reni	1574	1642
Francesco Albani	1578	1660
Domenichino	1581	1641
Lanfrauw	1581	1647
Guercino	1590	1666
Salvator Rosa	1614	1673

FLEMISH SCHOOL.

John Van Eyck	1370	1441
Bartholomew Spraugher	1546	1623
Rubens	1577	1640
Sneyders	1579	1657
David Teniers (the elder)	1582	1649

	Born.	Died.
Van Dyck	1599	1641
David Teniers (the younger)	1610	1694

GERMAN SCHOOL.

Albert Durer	1471	1528
Lucas Cranach (the elder)	1472	1553
Hans Holbein	1498	1554
Ch. Schwartz	1550	1594
Schoonefeld	1619	1689
Felix Meyer	1653	1713
Huber	1668	1748
Mengs	1728	1779
Zoffany	1735	1810

DUTCH SCHOOL.

Rembrandt	1604	1660
Cuyp	1606	
Brawoer	1608	1640
Van Ostade	1610	1685
Douw	1613	1674
Metzu	1615	1658
Houermans	1620	1668
Paul Potter	1625	1654
Mieris	1635	1681
Ruyesdael	1636	1681
Vander Velde	1639	1672
Vander Leeuw (animals)	1643	1688
Van Huysum (flowers)	1682	1749

SPANISH SCHOOL.

Del Rincon	1446	1500
Campana	1503	1570
Moralis	1509	1586
Becerra	1520	1570
De Vargas	1528	1590
De Cespedes	1532	1608
Spagnoletto	1589	1656
Valesquez	1594	1660
Cano	1600	1676
Murillo	1613	1685

FRENCH SCHOOL.

Nicholas Poussin	1594	1665
Claude Lorraine	1600	1682
Pierre Mignard	1610	1695
Du Fresnoy	1611	1665
Le Sueur	1617	1655
Le Brun	1619	1690
Coytel	1628	1707
Watteau	1684	1721
Vien	1716	1809
David	1750	1825

ENGLISH SCHOOL.

Jamesone (portraits)	1586	1644
Wm. Dobson	1610	1646
Sir Peter Lely	1617	1680
Sir Godfrey Kneller	1648	1723
Jona. Richardson	1665	1745
Sir Jas. Thornhill	1676	1732
Hogarth	1698	1762
Richard Wilson	1714	1782
Sir Joshua Reynolds	1723	1792
Thos. Gainsboro	1727	1788
Benjamin West	1738	1820
Jas. Barry	1741	1806
Henry Fuseli	1743	1825

	Born.	Died.
Jas. Northcote	1746	1831
Sir William Beechy	1753	1839
Thomas Stothard	1755	1834
Sir Henry Raeburn	1756	1823
John Hoppner	1759	1810
John Opie	1761	1807
Geo. Morland	1764	1804
Sir Thomas Lawrence	1769	1830
John Constable	1776	1837
John Jackson	1778	1831
Sir David Wilkie	1785	1841
Wm. Hilton	1786	1839
Benjamin R. Haydon	1786	1846

The AMERICAN SCHOOL can scarcely be said to be formed, as yet; our "masters," having gone abroad for study—remained abroad for years, and thus becoming followers of the greater masters whose works they studied for models and style. We have had artists of a high order of talent—Copley, Chas. Wilson Peale, (father of Rembrandt Peale) Gilbert Stuart, Jonathan Trumbull, Washington Allston, Henry Inman, Thomas Cole, &c.—but they have failed to give that distinctiveness to art in America which is necessary for the claims of a "school." What may be done by this generation remains to be seen; but we fail, as yet, to detect any style or tone or manner which has not its precedent in the foreign schools.

THE SPIRIT OF SONG.



O person conversant with current literature can fail to mark the wide-spread taste for poetry and poetic composition which prevails in this country. It is one of the pleasing "signs of the times," since it indicates much good taste, and promises more for the future, of gentle culture and noble aspiration. Probably no people ever lived endowed with greater susceptibilities to emotions of the beautiful—certainly no modern people have more quick intelligence and general appreciation of the true and good. It is this intelligence of the majority which leads the most sagacious of the critics to predict for America a more brilliant accomplishment, in letters and in art, than ever attended upon any ancient or modern nation.

Be this as it may, the editor of to-day, from his almost daily experience, finds

good reason for entertaining a most flattering opinion of the capabilities of the readers of his journal. Letters, contributions in prose and verse, criticisms on people and principles, which literally *flow* in upon him, are evidences of the good taste and high order of talent prevailing among us. Take the aggregate circulation of every weekly paper and of every magazine in this country, and what a fact have we of the *general* dissemination of the taste for reading; besides the mass of intelligence thus constantly appealed to—that it is alive and *responsive*—and some idea may be formed of the co-operation constantly offered to the editor.

Among the papers which have found their way to our table, we highly prize the poems. Not that they are all of superior merit, or even of passable excellence, but that they show to us the wide-spread poetic culture which exists—culture upon which we may safely base the hopes of a great future mental superiority. Americans may be money-loving, practical, full of gigantic schemes, but never can become base, low-minded, mean, so long as the poetic element mingles thus largely in the very organism of our national character; and he is the true philanthropist who encourages this element into its fullest and noblest development.

Of the poems remitted for acceptance but a small portion can be used. Many that have been returned were good enough for use, but no page could be set apart for them. We have reserved several, of which we purposed to speak, as showing unusually fine intuitions, but find the space at command too limited for the notice desirable.

The Illustrated Poem came to us from Pittsburg, "from a poor bed-ridden girl who has written but little for the press." It is very touching in its simplicity,—its pathos will commend it to the heart of every reader. We take pleasure in bidding "Mary Martyn" to encourage her talent, for it is a worthy one. Age, careful study of expression, reading of the master poets, will do much for the proper development of her poetic faculty.

We have had submitted to our reading a work by Miss Mary Richardson, of Portland, Maine. Its perusal has brought us in contact with a mind well stored with the poet's riches. It is a series of poems, through which runs the thread of a story, told with Oriental grace. This kind of composition is too episodic for a sus-

tained interest, and the trochaic metre chosen by the lady is not best fitted for the varied expression and strength necessary to an elaborate narration. The conception and much of the execution evince a fancy exuberant in its richness, and a mind familiar, and in sympathy with, the tropic beauty and character. Through greater familiarity with composition, and that knowledge of the "unities" which comes from study of good models, we may be safe in promising for this lady a poet's honors.

We quote from her poem this episode, which contains within it a fine conception. Zayda, the Moorish maiden, escapes from a Spanish convent, and her steps are mysteriously led up the mountain near at hand, of which her old nurse, Freygonda, has told her the legend.

THE CLOUD-LAND PALACE.

Often while in Algern gardens,
'Neath the spreading palm-trees' shade,
Had Freygonda breathed enchantment
To the dark-haired Moorish maid.
Of a strange and wondrous castle
Had the old duenna told,
On the white Sierra's summit,
In the Cloud-land still and cold.

Wrapped in mystery and in vapor
Was the mystic castle there,
With its tall ice-pillars glist'ning
In those dreamy realms of air:
Golden in the blush of morning,
In the sunset's gorgeous light;
But a veil of silver gathered
Round it, in the silent night.

Lo! its terraces, uprising
Cloud on cloud, bewildering fair,
With the soft light's rich mosaics
Wrought in shadows sleeping there!
And its still, its frozen fountain,
Where no water sprite might sing,
Of the icy fetters broken—
Of the tender reign of Spring!

And the wall of ice-bound statues
On their pedestals of snow—
Ah! once they were living, breathing,
In the warm, green vales below!
Gazing on the lone Sierra
These had seen mysterious light,
Dancing wildly through the Cloud-land
Like the will-o-wisp at night!

And they followed, madly followed,
By the weird light blindly led;
Till, once in the Cloud-land Palace,
To the mist were the maidens wed!
Never to the glowing Vega
Could their feet return again,
But within the Hall of Statues
They must stand in frozen pain!

* * * * *
Zayda, flying, saw before her,
Up the mountain's dizzy height—
Ever changing in the distance—
Saw the fatal spirit light.
Like the star of evening seemed it
For a moment beaming fair,
With a radiance soft, pellucid,
On the weary wanderer there!

Then uprose it, with the flashing
Of a meteor's burning fire,
With the red light fiercely raging
Like a demon in his ire.
And with ever wayward motion
Danced it wildly to and fro,
Till the cold Sierra's summit
Crimsoned with its fitful glow.

Now the Cloud-land, in its beauty
Rose before the maiden's sight,
With its chill and stately palace
Bathed in seas of witching light.
Glittering were the ice-pillars rising
Through those shadowy realms of air!
Spectre-like the mist-maidens dwelling
In perpetual silence there!

Up the snowy white Nevada,
Through those regions drear and wild,
Toiled the dark Guerilla's daughter—
By an impulse strange beguiled!
Was it that some fascination
Breathed into the silent night,
Fixed her eye as by enchantment
On the wayward, luring light?

Slower grew her fainting footsteps
Toiling up the mountain side:
"Allah Akbar!" breathed the maiden:
"Save me Allah!" faintly cried!
And upon the pure snow gleaming,
Brighter through the silent night,
Shone the bale-fires of the mountain
With their weird, alluring light?

Maiden Zayda! maiden Zayda!
If within this region wild
Thou should'st sleep, oh! never, never,
Would'st thou wake again, poor child!
Allah Akbar! God is present!
From his higher crystal throne,
Allah! now is watching o'er thee,
Will not leave thee, child, alone!

INSPIRATION.

INSPIRATION! first cradled in the skies,
And shining earliest in the Prophets' eyes!
At thy magic touch the rough marble gleams
Into ecstatic shapes, and breathes and lives!
'Tis thou who in the artist's waking dreams
The light of glory to the canvas gives!
The poet, too, doth catch thy sparkling glow
And strews with stars our darksome paths below.
In music, thy soul dissolving on the air,
Drops down in winning sounds into our own;
And common things uncommon beauty wear
When beaming rays of thine are round them thrown.
The fire of genius! and the light divine
That streameth down the frowning walls of Time!
T. H. S.